1487. fff. 15

FACTION

DISPLAY'D.

A POEM.

POEM.

ANSWER'D

Paragraph by Paragraph.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, 1704.

To the Concealed

AUTHOR of this Excellent

POEM.

WHen *Dryden*'s Tuneful Celebrated Muſe
Did God-like *David* for her Subject Chooſe,
She ſoar'd above her known and common Height,
To Heav'n ſhe rais'd her Voice, to Heav'n ſhe took her flight.
Such is your Muſe's Subject, ſuch her Tongue,
Witneſs this Polish'd and Melodious Song:
Where the ſame Majeſty of Verſe;
The ſame juſt Stile, the ſame deep Senſe appears.
No Jeſts nor Puns deform the ſtudied Page,
But all his Manly Thought and Noble Rage;
But all along the mighty Genius ſhines,
Informs and animates the ſacred Lines.
Not Heav'nly *Horace* more correctly writ,
Tho' to refine his Senſe united met,
The Critick's Judgment, and the Poet's Wit.

C. D.

30 60 APR

To the Unknown AUTHOR of the Incomparable POEM.

Faction Display'd.

O Matchless Genius! Whose exalted Lays
Transcend my humble and unequal Praise.
Not fam'd *Apelles* Pencil could express
The Beauteous Heav'n of *Cytherea's* Face;
Nor any Art your Muse's Image draw,
Who what she is, like Light, her self can only show.

Let other Poets, in untuneful Verse,
Or *Delia's*, or *Lardella's* Charms rehearse;
Let Songs and Sonnets be their humble Choice,
Let them conform their Subjects to their Voice.
But you refin'd, your more extended Thought
(With Judgment, Wit, Experience, Learning fraught)
Pursues a loftier Theam, a nobler Height,
And Fathoms all the Secrets of the State;
Displays the *Wily Arts* of Human-Kind,
How *Faction sowrs the Blood, and gnaws upon the Mind.*

Strong and Majestick does your Stile appear,
Your Notions weighty, your Reflections clear.
With nicest Art, you turn each Polish'd Line,
To make your Darling *Celsus* in full Lustre shine.
But oh! In what a moving Strain you Mourn
O're the belov'd *Marcellus* sacred Urn,
Mingling the sweetest Joy with the severest Grief,
Like the fam'd Spear, at once you Wound, at once Relieve.

'Twas Harmony as Learned Antients thought)
The *Nat'ral World* to *Form* and *Order* brought,
And may your Heav'nly ever Tuneful Lays,
(Make all our Factions, our Divisions cease)
Charm and Compose the *Moral World* to Peace.

H. B.

To the READER.

'TIS the Critick's Objection to Lucan, *that his Poem is too Hiſtorical; but it muſt be ſaid in his Defence, that tho' for that Reaſon he may perhaps delight leſs; yet he certainly Inſtructs more, which is the better End of Poetry. We have a more diſtinct Idea of the Characters of* Cæſar, Pompey, Cato, *and* Brutus, *than we have of* Auguſtus (*under the Perſon of* Æneas) *in* Virgil. *We have Truth and Nakedneſs in one; Fiction and Embelliſhment in the other. Tho ſome Fault (I beg Pardon for the Alluſion) will probably be found with this Paper of Verſes: But I have this to ſay for my ſelf, that tho' I may fall as far ſhort of ſome of the* Whig-Writers *in Poetry, as* Lucan *does of* Virgil, *yet I have outdone them as much in Sincerity. For I have not form'd an Imaginary Poetical Deſign: but deſcribed a real one: Such a one as is now actually carrying on by the reſtleſs and turbulent Spirits of ſome Men, even in the very Place where I have laid the Scene.*

If then what I have ſaid be true, and the Senſe of the honeſt Part of the Kingdom, the Reader cannot think any Liberty I have taken Reflecting or Scandulous; for Truth is never ſo, tho' it may be ſometimes Unſeaſonable. But he muſt own, that I have acquitted the Duty of a good Subject, in endeavouring to lay open the Enemies of our Conſtitution. A Conſtitution whoſe Government is Projected upon a more refined Policy, and experienced Wiſdom, than any in the World. Other Countries labour under the Bondage of Arbitrary Princes, or more Arbitrary Commonwealths. But here the Prerogative of the King, and the Liberty of the Subject are a mutual Barrier to each other; and it is not the Fault of our Conſtitution that we are not the Envy, as well as the Terror of our Neighbour Nations. But Faction is of the growth of our Soil; and what ſome Philoſophers have affirmed of the Frame of the Univerſe, that it ſubſiſts by the conſtant Jarring of the Elements, and that there is a perpetual Warfare in Nature, may properly be ſaid of the preſent State of England. *For it is Compounded of ſo many obſtinate Sectaries and inveterate Parties, that they are no more to be Reconciled than the differing Principles in Nature, and are like to continue their Diſputes too to the End of the World.*

Nothing contributes more to the Fomenting theſe Civil Embroilments, than a Sett of Mercenary Writers, *who, like the* Swiſs-Soldiers, *are always ready to fight on the Side that pays beſt. And as none has labour'd more, ſo none is more Scandulous, than a certain* Doctor, *who after having Scribled himſelf, and that ſimple Wretch his Son into Preferment, has lately appeared in his proper Colours, and unſaid what he formerly urg'd with ſo much Vehemence, and pretended Zeal for his Country's Good.* Trimming *was then an Abomination to him, and one would hardly have thought that* Tom Double *had been his own Character; but now we plainly ſee what his Aim was. This* Cerberus *reſolved to continue Barking, till his Mouth was ſtopped with ſome* Delicious Morſel, *which has at laſt happily compos'd his Fury into* Peace *and* Moderation. *We are like to be well inſtructed indeed, when ſuch Men as theſe pretend to give us Schemes of Morality and Government, when they undertake to direct our Principles, and guide our Conſciences. Sure he has a very contemptible Opinion of Mankind, or a very great one of himſelf, to imagine, becauſe he was Read with Pleaſure, when he fell in with the Peoples juſt Reſentments of the Proceedings of a Devout Miniſtry, that he can therefore impoſe his own ſhuffling, inconſiſtent, unintelligible Politicks upon them. What was Reaſon and Juſtice then, will be ſo ſtill in ſpight of all the Poor Arguments he can bring to the contrary, and if he had had the leaſt degree of Modeſty, he would either have purſued his former Notions, or have been ſilent.*

But ſuch a Cauſe could expect no better an Advocate, and thoſe *who imploy'd him to propoſe and recommend their* Trimming Meaſures (*which always proceed from Cowardize or Self-intereſt*) *have the Mortification to ſee him receiv'd with that Contempt he deſerves from all Parties.*

I wiſh the Promoters of this new Doctrine of Moderation have not already put it out of their Power to Cruſh *the* Faction, *which they have hitherto ſo imprudently* Cheriſhed, *and which at laſt (if I have not* Diſ[illegible] *very falſe Colours) will certainly* Tear *and Deſtroy the Government.*

APR

Faction

Faction display'd. A Poem.

Answer'd Paragraph by Paragraph.

The PREFACE.

THERE needs very little by way of Reply to this Turbulent Author in his Preface. Had He only dealt in Critical Compassions between Virgil *and* Lucan, *I should not have put my self to any Trouble about him: But since He runs as much contrary to his Former Principles, as He makes Dr* Davenant *in it act clear contrary to his Principles, when He Writ* Tom Double; *since He takes upon Him an Air of Sincerity, and from one of those He brands with the Name of Factions is turn'd Malecontent, in order to grumble Himself into a Post, though He conceals His Name, I shall take the Liberty to Point Him out in those Noble Peers Characters, which He undertakes to Display and render Odious to His Reader. Wherefore omitting his own Panegyrick upon Himself, which He Subscribes with the first Letters of Two Pretended Admirers, I shall enter into the Merit of His Poem, and begin with his Invocation.*

Faction Display'd.

SAY, Goddeſs Muſe, for thy All-ſearching Eyes
Can Traytors trace thro' ev'ry dark Diſguiſe,
Can penetrate Intriguing Stateſmen's Hearts,
Their deepeſt Plots, and all their wily Arts.
Say, how a Fierce *Cabal* Combin'd of late,
Imploy their anxious Thoughts t'embroil the State;
What angry Pow'r inſpires 'em to Complain
In *Anna*'s Gentle and Propitious Reign.

Faction, a reſtleſs and repining Fiend,
Curdles their Blood, and knaws upon their Mind.
Off-ſpring of *Chaos*, Enemy to *Form*,
By whoſe deſtructive Arts the World is torn.
She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
And *Jove*'s avenging Thunder to defy.
She rais'd the Hand, that ſtruck the fatal Blow;
Which *Martyr'd Jove*'s Vicegerent here below.
She ſtill purſues him with relentleſs Hate,
Arraigns his Mem'ry, and Inſults his Fate.
'Tis She, that wou'd, for ev'ry ſlight Offence,
Depoſe a true Hereditary Prince;
That would *Uſurpers* for their Treaſon Crown,
Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong down,
And *Exil'd Monarchs* Reaſſert their righteful Throne.

Anſ. Very notable Lines, good Mr. *Pr*———*r*. This Faction is the Devil, and all of a Mutiny-mongering Wench, and your deſcription of Her is leſs hideous than it deſerves. That it occaſion'd the Martyrdom of King *Charles* the Firſt, is by all hands taken for grant-

ed,

ed, that it *pursues his Memory* with relentless Hate, no Person will deny. But if you would but look back a little into your self 14 or 15 Years since, you'll find your own Worthip among the number of those that stickled to vindicate the Revolution in 1688. Though, now I think of it, one Mouse has got a Title, and an Important Employ without the other, and since your little hopes to squeeze your self among the number of the Courtiers, you are for having *Exil'd Monarchs Re-assert their Rightful Throne*, which if should explain your self in, and acquaint the World whom you mean by *Usurpers*, you might perhaps to your own Person mount the Ladder of Preferment.

No Constitution in the World can Boast
A Scheme of Laws more Rational more Just,
Than *England*'s are; where Sov'reign, Kingly sway,
Is *mixt* and qualify'd with such Allay,
That Free-born Subjects willingly Obey.
Nor yet so basely *mixt*, as that our Kings
Are only Tools of State, and Pow'rless Things,
For tho', indeed, they can have no Pretence
With *Fundamental Contracts* to *Dispence*,
(For that were Conquest) yet, those Rights maintain'd,
Prerogative is High, and unrestrain'd.
In equal Distance from Extremes we move,
No Tyranny, nor Commonwealth approve.
Nor Tyranny, that Savage Brutal Pow'r,
Which not Protects Mankind, but does devour.
Nor Commonwealth, a Monster, *Hydra* State,
Whose many Heads threaten each others Fate,
And load their Body with unweildy Weight.
But a Successive Monarchy we own,
With all the lawful Sanctions of a Crown.

Such was our old Establish'd *English* Frame,
Which might have flourish'd Ages yet the same,
But for this Envious Fiend; who still prepares
To sow the Seed of long Intestine Wars.

And

Anſ. Our Conſtitution is juſt, that it is for certain, and it is our Happineſs, that we have the Houſe of Lords to hold the Ballance between Prince and People, but it was your Buſineſs to find fault with our Conſtitution, that make it your endeavour to unhinge, by its falling foul with a Committee, that met in a Parliamentary way to examine into ſome Proceedings, that ſeem'd to threaten Queen, Lords and Commons, with immediate Deſtruction.

Near the Imperial Palace's Remains,
Where nothing now but Deſolation Reigns;
(Fatal Preſage of Monarchy's decline,
And Extirpation of the Regal Line!)
There ſtands an Antique Venerable Pile,
Whoſe Lords were once the Glories of our Iſle:
But now it Mourns that Race of Heroe's dead,
And droops, and hangs its Melancholy Head.
This Pile (howe'er for better Ends deſign'd,
An Emblem of the Noble Founder's Mind)
Is *Faction*'s Refuge; where ſhe keeps her Court,
Where all her darling Votaries Reſort.
Here, when their *glorious N*——— fell, they met,
On new Reſolves and Meaſures to Debate.

Anſ. The Family of the *Sey*———*r* is ſo eminently diſtinguiſh'd by its worth, that it deſervedly ſtands in Competition with the beſt in *England*; and as the preſent D. of *So*———*ſet* is Poſſeſs'd by Marriage of *Northumberland Houſe*, and the Eſtate belonging to that Illuſtrious Name, ſo his Conduct has been all along anſwerable to the Noble Blood he is deſcended from.

Say then, my Muſe, their ſecret Thoughts diſplay,
Expoſe their dark Deſigns to open Day.

This Grand *Caball* was held at dead of Night,
(For Ghoſts and Furies always ſhun the Light)
Deſpair and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em dumb,
Till *Moro* roſe (the Maſter of the Dome)

A Stamm'ring, Hot, Conceited, Laughing L——,
Who prov'd his want of Senſe in ev'ry word,
When hiſſing thus, his Fetter'd Tongue broke looſe,
'I take it as an Honour that you've Choſe
'For this debate, your humble Servant's Houſe,
'The Houſe henceforward ſhall Recorded ſtand,
'As the *Palladium* of the ſinking Land;
'And I to future Ages be renown'd,
'The *Party*'s Bullwark, and the Nation's Mound.
'Now *N*——, —, the immortal *N*——'s gone,
'We juſtly his untimely Herſe Bemoan.
'O that I could reſtore his Life again!
'For who can bear a Woman's Servile Chain?
Full of ſuch Stuff, he would have giv'n it vent,
But that Black *Ario*'s Fierceneſs did prevent.

Anſ. If King *Wm.* had any skill in chuſing a Wiſe Miniſtry, or Her Preſent Majeſty is deſervedly famous, for making uſe of none about her, but Perſons of particular Merit, then my L——d of *So*——*ſet*'s Character, whom he repreſents under the feign'd Name of *Moro* muſt be falſe of conſequence, ſince he was Pre——t of the Co——cil to the firſt, and is M——r of the H—ſe to the laſt.

A *Scotch*, Seditious, unbelieving Prieſt,
The Brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Feaſt*;
Who firſt his Patron, then his Prince betray'd,
And does that Church, he's Sworn to guard, Invade.
Warm with Rebellious Rage, he thus began;
'To talk of calling Life agen is vain.
'Peace to the *Glorious* dead. We juſtly mourn
'His Aſhes, ever ſacred be his Urn:
'But here, my L——, we are together met,
'To vow to *A*——'s Sceptre endles Hate.
'For ſince my hope of *Winton* is expir'd,
'With juſt Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
'I'll writ, and talk, and preach her Title down,
'My thund'ring Voice ſhall ſhake her in the Throne;
'Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown.

Anſ. I can't anſwer for *Aria* for ſome prejudices he poſſibly may have imbib'd by way of Education, but though he is not of a Perſecuting Genius in Matters of Faith, I never heard he was a Member of the Calves Head Feaſt before. He is eminent for Learning, and his Works will praiſe him in the Gate without a Trumpeter; and 'tis Impoſſible that a Gentleman poſſeſs'd of one of the higheſt Dignities in the Church, ſhould be an Enemy to a Queen, that is ſo Zealous for Eſtabliſhing Epiſcopacy, and the Religion Eſtabliſh'd which he is a Profeſſor of. As for the ſtory concerning his being Chaplain to the Duke of *Lauderdale*, 'tis all of a piece with other Matters that have been laid to his Charge, and *Credat Judæus Apelles non Ego*, I am not of your Poetical Opinion.

A Pauſe enſu'd, till *Patriarcho's* Grace,
Was pleas'd to rear his Huge unweildy Maſs;
A Maſs unanimated with a Soul,
Or elſe he'd ne're be made ſo vile a Tool;
He'd ne're his Apoſtolick Charge Prophane,
And *Atheiſts*, and * *Fanaticks* Cauſe maintain.
At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak, — * *The Maidſtone Lecture.*
The Bulky Primate Yawn'd, and Silence broke.
'I much approve my Brother's Zealous Heat,
'Such is the Noble Ardour of the Great,
'On which Succeſs and Praiſe will ever wait.
'But I'm untaught in Politician's Schools,
'Unpractic'd in their Arts, and ſtudied Rules;
'By which they make the Wiſeſt of us Fools.
'The Taſk be therefore Yours, to forge ſome Plot,
'And I'll be ready with my truſty Vote,
'Nor e're give your Commands a ſecond Thought.
'Tho' I were Mute, you muſt confeſs I've Stood,
'Fixt as a Rock, amidſt the beating Flood.
'Witneſs St. *A*——*ph's*, and St. *D*——*d's* Cauſe,
'Where obſtinately I tranſgreſs'd the Laws,
'And did in either Caſe Injuſtice ſhow,
'Here ſav'd a Friend, there Triumph'd o're a Foe.

Anſ.

Anſ. My L——d A——p of *C*——*ry*, has both Written and Preach'd ſo Learnedly, in defence of the Church of *England*, that what is aim'd at him, muſt of Conſequence redound to the Author's Infamy; where there is a Tolleration by Act of Parliament, there it belongs not to the Epiſcopal Function to diſturb any Perſons in the Exerciſe of their ſeveral Religions, and the *Maidſtone* Lecture is no other than what ſhould reſult from Royal Indulgence, ſince the Grant of it has been confirm'd from the Throne, both from this and the precedent Reign, and ſuch Lectures by the Diſſenting Clergy have been allow'd of, and Weekly held in all the principal places of *England*, and the Dominions belonging to it. As for the charge againſt his Grace in St. *A*——*h*'s and St. *D*——*d*'s Affair, his whole management in their concerns has appear'd in Publick; and where one was Convicted of Symony, and the other only ſuſpected, it oblig'd this moſt Reverend Pri——te to make ſuch a Degree purſuant to his High Office, as has deterr'd others from being Guilty of the like Evil Practices.

Then old *Myſterio* ſhook his Silver Hairs,
Loaded with Learning, Prophecy and Years,
VVhom Factious Zeal to fierce *Unchriſtian* Striſe,
Had hurry'd in the laſt Extream of Life.
Strange Dotage! Thus to Sacrifice his Eaſe,
When nature whiſpers Men to Crown their Days
With ſweet Retirement and Religious Peace!
Fore-knowledge ſtruggled in his heavy Breaſt,
E're he in theſe dark Terms his Fears expreſt.
'The Stars rowl adverſe, and malignant ſhine,
'Some dire Portend! Some Comet I divine!
'I plainly in the *Revelations* find,
'That *A*—— to the *Beaſt* will be inclin'd.
'Howe're, tho' She, and all her Senate frown,
'I'll wage eternal War with *P*——*ron*.
'And venture Life and Fame to pull him down.
As he went on, his Tongue a Trembling ſeiz'd,
And all his pow'r of Utterance ſuppreſs'd.
So when the *Sibyll* felt the Inſpiring God,
She raving loſt her Voice, and Speechleſs ſtood.

Anſ.

Anſ. Whatever private Animoſities there might happen been between the B. of *Wo——ſter*, and Sir *J. Pa——ton*, it is not in my Sphere to determine. The Houſe of Commons have had this Buſineſs under their Conſideration, and the reſult of their Debates has been in favour of the latter. However, this I dare ſpeak without giving Offence, that though ſome People give him the Character of Being *Revelation Mad*, it would be well for them if they were poſſeſs'd of this *Madneſs* of his, and not ſo much Strangers to his great Moderation, and Enemies to his Virtues as they are.

Unhappy Church, by ſuch Uſurpers ſway'd!
How is thy Prim'tive Purity decay'd?
How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,
When *Laud* or *Sancroft* fill'd the Sacred Chair?
Laud, tho' by ſome traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,
VVhilſt *Patriaacho* is deſpiz'd and ſcorn'd,
Shall be by me for ever Prais'd, for ever Mourn'd.
Sancroft's unblemiſh'd Life, divinely Pure,
In its own heav'nly Innocence Secure,
The teeth of Time, the blaſts of Envy ſhall endure.

Anſ. Though I am far from Diſſenting from the Eſtabliſhed Church, I cannot but obſerve, that the violent meaſures taken in ſome Reigns to make Men to conform to it, mightily took away from the Beauties of our Holy Religion, which enjoyns the ſpirit of Meekneſs, and converſion by gentle Methods, which though I have as great a Veneration for Archbiſhop *Laud*'s Memory as any one living, I cannot ſay were made uſe by him: See the Hiſtory of of thoſe Times, neither was that Good Man Archbiſhop *Sancroft* himſelf infallible, if you read him in his Behaviour to that Prince, whom he was depriv'd for.

When for th' Eſtabliſh'd Faith they ſhould contend,
Meekneſs and Chriſtian Charity pretend;
But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,
For *Schiſm* and *Toleration* they engage;
With ſtrange Delight and eagerneſs eſpouſe
Occaſional Conformiſts ſhameful Cauſe;
Oppreſs thy Friends, and Vindicate thy Foes.

Thy

Thy guardian Laws to weaken they Combine,
And tamely thy Essential Rights resign,
Thy antient Truths with Modern Glosses blend,
Destroying the Religion they would mend.

So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down,
Such Arts have Christianity o'rethrown:
For *Septicism*, that now triumphant reigns,
Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,
Where She Forlorn, Contemn'd, Despairing lies,
Nor hopes a Refuge, but her Native Skies.

Ans. The Dissenters and we so little differ in the main Essentials of Religion, that they cannot be said to be Schismaticks, though they do not conform to our Worship, and the Bp. of *Salisbury*'s Learned Speech in Vindication of Occasional Conformity, sufficiently makes appear that it is a Christian Duty incumbent upon every one to bring Men over to the True Faith, not by *pecuniary Mulcts*, &c. but by force of Argument and sound Reason, which ought to be the only Weapons of the Church.

But Muse proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too long,
That would Inflame thy Satyrizing Song.
Clodio with kindling Emulation heard,
What this Triumvirate of Priests declar'd.
Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel-Race,
Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbled by Disgrace;
Whose Working, Turbulent, Fanatick Mind
No Tenderness can move, no Ties can bind.
To gain a Rake he'll Drink, and Whore, and Rant,
T' engage a Puritan will Pray and Cant,
So Satan can in differing Forms appear,
Or Radiant Light, or gloomy Darkness wear.
Thrice he Blasphem'd, and Thrice he frantick Swore
By ev'ry Terrible Infernal Pow'r;
Then wav'd his Staff, and said:
'Tho' *N*——s Death has all our Measures broke,
'Yet never will we bend to *A*——s Yoke.

'The glorious *Revolution* was in vain,
'If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.
'Let all be Chaos, and Confusion all,
'E're that damn'd Form of Government prevail.
'O had he liv'd to Perfect his Design,
'We ne're had been Subjected to her Reign,
'But rooted out the *St*———*ts* hated Line!
'Howe're, since Fate has otherwise decreed,
'We may on his unfinish'd Scheme proceed.
'We may 'gainst Pow'r repos'd in One inveigh,
'And call all Monarchy Tyrannick Sway.
'We may the Praises of the *Dutch* advance,
'Rail at the Arbitrary Rule of *France*,
'Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria*'s Flood,
'Which for ten rowling Centuries has stood.
'Argue how th' *Roman* and *Athenian* State
'Were only when Republicks truly Great.
'Tis easy the Unreas'ning Mob to guide,
'For they are always on the Factious side.
'This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Resort,
'To Manage and Cajole *S*———'s Court.
'*Toland* alone for such a work is fit,
'In all the Arts of Villany Compleat.
'The *Scotch*, a Rough Revolting, Stubborn Kind,
'Have long at *England*'s growing Power repin'd.
'Nor need we, with unnecessary Care,
'Endeavour to foment Rebellion there.
'For scarce our *N*———'s Empire they endur'd,
'Tho' he their antient Liberties restor'd,
'And murm'ring now they ask a foreign Lord.
'But (Health suppos'd) to *Ireland* I'll repair,
'And right or wrong Usurp the Common's Chair;
'That Point once gain'd, we'll soon secure our Cause,
'Soon undermine our hot-brain'd towring Foes.
'At least I'll substitute some Wealthy Fiend,
'Who shall with Heat and Arrogance contend
'To thwart the Court in ev'ry just Command.

* This Project was once Talk'd of.

So

So *Catiline* the Fate of *Rome* design'd,
And when h' had form'd the Scheme within his mind,
In such a warm Harangue his Friends addrest,
And open'd all the Secrets of his Brest.

Ans. As for this Honourable Person introduc'd under the Name of *Clodio*, He and his Ancestors have been so serviceable to the Monarchy, such adherers to the Royal Family, and such constant Well-wishers for the Good of their Native Country, as to give the Lye to every Tittle of any suppos'd Crime laid to his charge; and our Author would do well to let us understand his own Principles, before he falls foul on those of others, whom he knows only by Hearsay, and reconcile his being Secretary to some Embassies in a late Reign, to his Behaviour in this which stands upon the same Foundation.

This hit *Sigillo*'s Thoughts, and made him cool,
Tho just before he scarcely could Controul
The stormy Passion swelling in his Soul;
His restless Soul, that rends his sickly Frame,
Worn with a Poys'nous and corroding Flame.
An unjust J———e, and blemish of the M———,
Witness the *Bankers* long depending Case.
A shallow Statesman, tho' of mighty Fame;
For who can e're that curst *Par——on* name,
But to his foul Disgrace, and to his Shame?
Besides, in spight of all his loud defence,
He shew'd a want of Honesty or Sense,
In passing ev'ry plund'ring Courtier's *Grants*.
He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
Deist, Republican, Adulterer.
Thus his lov'd *Clodio*, for his Speech he prais'd,
And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.
'There spoke the Guardian Genius of our Cause,
'Whose ev'ry word deserves divine Applause.
'Not ev'n * *Cethego*'s self could form a Plot,
'More nicely Spun, more exquisitely Wrought.
'Tho' he, to his immortal envied Fame,
'The Glory of the Revolution claim.

* *The Person here Represented, was living at the time of this Cabal.*

'Twas

'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit,
Did *James*, and all his *Jesuit-train* defeat.
He knew reveal'd Religion was a Jest,
Impos'd upon the World by some designing Priest.
Nor therefore fear'd, but to their Idols bow'd,
Prevaricating with his King, his God.
A *Proteus*, ever acting in Disguise,
A finish'd Statesman, Intricately Wise,
A second *Machiavel*, who soar'd above
The little Tyes of Gratitude and Love;
Whose harden'd Conscience never felt Remorse,
Reflection is the Puny Sinner's Curse.
But why should I *Cethego*'s Praise pursue,
When all his Vertues, *Clodio*, shine in you.
You can another *Revolution* frame,
The same your Principle, your Skill the same.
Whilst then tho way'ring *Irish* are your Care,
Believe we'll use our utmost Efforts here,
Nor time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Money spare.
Cethego in your Absence shall preside,
O're our Debates, and ev'ry Consult guide.
Like the Supream directing Hand of *Jove*,
Shall act unseen, and all around him move.
I, as the Moderator of the Laws,
Will find a way to sanctify our Cause,
Will prove, in *Pastive Jacobites* despight,
Rebellion is a Free-born Peoples Right.
Then as we take our Circuits thro' the Land,
We'll mould the Stern Free-holders to our Hand,
Awe their Elections, and their Votes command.
When with our faithful City Friends we Dine,
We'll mingle Treason with the flowing Wine.
We'll plant in ev'ry Coffee-house a Spy,
That boldly shall the Ministry decry;
Shall praise the past, the present Reign Condemn,
And all their Measures, all their Councils Blame.

Shall

' Shall ſpread a thouſand idle, groundleſs Tales,
' Of foreign Gold, the Pope, and P---ce of *W---*
' Shall never fail Objections Still to raiſe,
' (Whatever is tranſacted with Succeſs)
' And turn their greateſt Honour to Diſgrace.
' This Chimick Art, perverting Nature's Law,
' From ſweeteſt Things will rankeſt Poyſon draw.

Anſ. Great Abilities will be the Subjects of Envy, while Merit has any Being; otherwiſe the L. S--*rs* would be more favourably dealt by. The Defects of a crazy Conſtitution this worthy Peer is not to anſwer for: but his learned Arguments are unanſwerable to any Pretender whatſoever. Never were fewer Decrees revers'd than thoſe he made when in poſſeſſion of the Great Seal: And the *Bankers Caſe*, which you bring as an Inſtance of Injuſtice, is the higheſt Argument of his Sence of his Duty to his Prince and Country. Neither would the *Partition-Treaty*, had it ſtood good, give grounds for an Impeachment. For the Succeſs of Matters quite alters the Property, and *Proſperum & Felix ſcelus virtus vocatur*, is what the Tragedian *Seneca* has affirm'd in his Writings, and would have excus'd this learned Lord from any Imputation whatſoever. As for his being a *Deiſt*, *Republican*, or *Adulterer*, good Mr. *P---r*, pull the Mote out of your own Eye firſt, ſince your are ſufficiently known, by your Aſſociates whom you converſe with, to be not averſe to Men of that Character.

Narciſſo next, Magnificently Gay,
Smil'd his Aſſent, but not a word would ſay.
He fear'd to ſtrain his Voice by Talking loud,
Nor was his Quail-pipe made for ſuch a Crowd.
A batter'd Beau, yet youthful in Decay,
Who Dreſſes Whores and Games his Time away.
Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice
With all that Wealth, profuſely ſpent, ſupplies.
And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim
An injur'd Patriot's Meritorious Name.

Anſ. How inſtrumental this Noble Peer has been in the Publick Welfare, may be ſeen in his Behaviour both in the late Reign and the Preſent. His Indefatigable Induſtry, and his Continuance in his High Truſt, are undeniable Inſtances of his Zeal for

the Good of his Country, which he is brave enough to venture, is all for the Support of. So that the Character of *Narciſſo*, which is what belongs to a Self-Lover, very ill ſuits with a Perſon of his Deportment, that keeps at Court for the ſake of others, and not himſelf.

Then ſqueal'd *Orlando*, but his furious Heat,
Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit,
Nor will we here the Bluſt'ring Speech repeat.
A Bully L---, whoſe wild mad Looks proclaim
His Boſom warm'd with more than Heroe's Flame.
Fighting and Railing are his Chief Delight,
Promiſcuouſly-oppoſing wrong and right.
What e're he does is always in Extreams,
Sometimes the *Whig*, ſometimes the *Tory* damns.
His various Temper and impetuous Mind,
To ev'ry Party is by Starts inclin'd.
He never was, nor e're will be Content
With any Prince, with any Government.

Anſ. If to be brave, is to be a Bully, then this Noble Peer has a Title to the Character, not otherwiſe. For his Conduct has been ſuch, as to ſhew a Steddineſs of Temper, and a Manly Reſolution, amidſt the Misfortunes of his Country, when divided into ſeperate Intereſts, as will enroll his Name among the Liſts of the beſt Patriots, and render his Name precious to Poſterity; when thoſe of his Accuſers will be ſwallow'd up in Infamy and Contempt.

Laſt roſe *Bathillo*, deck'd with borrow'd Bays,
Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays.
A gay, pragmatical, pretending Tool,
Opinionatively wiſe, and pertly dull.
A Demy-Stateſmen, Talkative and Loud,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud;
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.
With dapper Geſture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Aſſociates vainly he beſpoke.
'Do you perform the Politician's Part,
'I'll bring the Aſſiſtance of the Muſes Art.

'The

'The Poet Tribe are all at my Devoir,
'And write as I command, as I inſpire.
'*C---g---ve* for me *Paſtora*'s Death did Mourn,
'*And her white Name with Sable Verſe adorn.*
'*R*——too is mine, and of the *Whiggiſh* Train,
'Twas he that Sung Immortal *Tamerlane*,
'Tho' now he dwindles to an *humbler Strain.
'I help'd to Poliſh G---*th*'s rough, awkward Lays,
'Taught him in Tuneful Lines to Sound our Party's Praiſe.
'*W---ſh* Votes with us, who, though he never writ,
'Yet paſſes for a Critick and a Wit.
'*Van*'s Baudy, Plotleſs Plays were once our Boaſt,
'But now the Poet's in the Builder loſt.
'On *A*——*ſon* we ſafely may depend,
'A Penſion never fail's to gain a Friend.
'Thro' *Alpine Hills* he ſhall my Name reſound,
'And make his Patron known in *Claſſick Ground*.
'Theſe pay the Tribute to my Merit due,
'Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecænas* too.
'Princes but ſit unſettled on their Thrones,
'Unleſs ſupported by *Apollo*'s Sons.
'*Auguſtus* had the *Mantuan*, and *Venuſian* Muſe,
'And happier *N*——had his *M*——*gues*.
'But *A*——, that ill fated Tory Queen,
'Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet's Pen.

* *The Falſe Penitent.*

Anſ. My Lord *Bathillo* has no more than he expected from you, and is under no ſmall Obligations to you for praiſing him with your way of Scandal; who, like the Mouſe which you pretended was ſtoll'n from you, take a delight in nibbling other Peoples Reputation. When you come to have ſuch a Vote in Parliament in Commendation of your great Worth, as he has had, then you may think you are unjuſtly dealt with in not being a Lord too; till then, your Humble Servant, you have no Poets to write in yous Praiſe: But you may rail at thoſe in Verſe, whoſe Performance you cannot exceed, as *Congreve*, *Row*, *Vanbrug*, *Addiſon* and *Walſh*, who may chance to make a Looby of you; for depriving him of the honour of Tranſlating the 3d Act of the Famous Subſcription Farce, call'd, *Squire Trelooby*, which

which had a Triumvirate of these Wits to introduce it to their Stage, and shews, that he has written as well as your Worship.

Triton, who like the vast *Leviathan*,
Long wallow'd in the Treasures of the Main,
Was all Attention, and suspended hung,
For ev'ry Rebel Heart has not a Tongue.
Besides, there stood a Num'rous Train of P——,
Below the Notice of Recording Verse.
Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, B——rs and Cits,
Tosters, Kit-Kats, Divines, Buffoons and Wits
Compos'd the Medly Crew; but I forbear
To give 'em any Place, or Mention here.
For since the Muse would Blush to paint their Crimes,
Let Decency restrain the Invective Rhimes.

Ans. My L. of *O----d*, says, he's your humble Servant, for making a Sea-God of him, and sends you word, that you may Rhime upon him as long as you will: His Services are sufficiently known to the whole World; and, *Win Gold, and wear it*, is an unconteſtable *Proverb*, that all our Admirals can't say, that has gone to Sea since his Discharge from his high Employment. For it's well known he never miss'd an Opportunity of Fighting an Enemy, when he could meet with one, as has been put in practice since his time. Sir *G*—— and Admiral *Gr-----don* for that.

When thus their Chiefs had spoke, thro' all the *Throng*
Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung.
Not antient *Demagogues*, with more Applause,
Asserted, and Espous'd tee Rabble's Cause.

Now this Assembly to adjourn prepar'd,
When *Biblipolo* from behind appear'd,
As well describ'd by the old Satyrick Bard;
With leering Looks, Bullfac'd, and Freckled fair,
With two left Legs, and Judas colour'd Hair,
With Frowzy Pores, that taint the ambient Air.

Sweating

Sweating and Puffing for a while he ſtood,
And then broke forth in this inſulting Mood.
'I am the Touchſtone of all Modern Wit,
'Without my ſtamp in vain your Poets write.
'Thoſe only purchaſe everliving Fame,
'That in my Miſcellany Plant their Name.
'Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid,
'Becauſe I follow a Mechanick Trade,
'I'll print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours ſpread.
'I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Kat*,
'A Club that gave Direction to the State.
'Twas there we firſt inſtructed all our Youth,
'To talk Prophane and laugh at Sacred Truth.
'We taught them how to Toſt, and Rhime, and Bite,
'To Sleep away the Day, and Drink away the Night.
Some this fantaſtick Speech approv'd, ſome Sneer'd,
The Wight grew Cholerick, and diſappear'd.

Anſ. What the Devil has poor *Jacob Tonſon* done to you, that he muſt be drawn in by the Head and Shoulders? Oh! now I ſmoke it; *Jacob*'s the poor Keeper to the *Kit-Kat-Club*; and ſome of your Works have accompanied the renowned *Tom Durfy*'s, in being uſher'd into that Aſſembly, under the Bottom of Mutton-Pies and Tarts; or you would never in return to his Civility make him a Companion for Quality. Ten to one, but *Jacob* is witty upon you for this, and returns the Compliment in his next *Miſcellany*, which you make ſo ſlight of.

Mean time the Fury ſmil'd, who all this while
Sat hov'ring on the Summet of the Pile.
A ſecret and exulting Joy ſhe finds,
To ſee her Influence brooding on their Minds;
And the bare Proſpect of ſuch Noble Ills
Her thoughts with rapt'rous Speculation fills.
Then She——

'With what delight do I my Sons behold,
'So resolutely Brave, so fiercely Bold.
'Sure nothing can resist their boundless Course,
'Nothing subdue their well united Force.
'*Volpone*, who will solely now Command
'The Publick Purse, and T---s---e of the Land,
'Wants Constancy and Courage to oppose
'A Band of such exasperated Foes.
'For how should he, that moves by Craft and Fear,
'Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare?
'What did he e're in all his Life perform,
'But shrunk at the Approach of every Storm;
'But when the tott'ring Church his aid requir'd,
'With *Moderation Principles* Inspir'd,
'Forsook his Friends and decently Retir'd.
'Nor has he any real just Pretence
'To that vast Depth of Politicks and Sense.
'For where's the Depth, when Publick Credit's high,
'To manage an o'reflowing T---s---y?
'Or where the Sense to know the Tricks of Game,
'Since *S--ms*, *Sir Ja--es*, *H--ll--way* may claim,
'A Knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame?

Ans. Most notably spoken, Mrs. *Fury*; for no body but your Ladiship would find Fault with a L---d H. T---r, that has done more in two Years, than has ever been accomplish'd, since the Duke of *Leeds* and Earl of *Rochester*'s Administration of those Affairs. The Nation is too sensible of his unparallell'd Truth and Integrity, to lessen in their Esteem of him: And make use of what Invectives you will; compare him to common Sharpers, 'tis all one, we reap the Benefit of his wise Conduct. Her Majesty has all imaginable Satisfaction in his Faithful Services; and is sensible, while She labours for the Publick Good, his Management of the Sinews of War, will enable her to give *Europe* a Safe, Honourable and Lasting Peace.

'I

'I fear the Man, who dares the Truth assert,
'Who never plays the Double-dealing Part;
'The Patriot's Soul disdains the Trimmer's Art.
'Such *Celsus* is but I foresee his Fate
'To be supplanted by *Sempronia*'s Hate.
'(*Sempronia* of a Lewd *procuring* Race,
'The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Disgrace.)
'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,
'For Hell would then employ her Fiend in vain.
'He never knew to Prostitute the State,
'Never by being guilty to be Great.
'Nor yet when publick Storms came rowling on,
'Did he or Danger or his Duty shun.
'*Rome*'s subtle Priests with Sophistry essay'd,
'With Wealth and Honour in the Ballance lay'd,
'To shock his Faith; but nothing could controul
'The firm Resolves of his unbyass'd Soul,
'True to his Conscience as the Needle to the Pole.
'Ally'd in Blood and Friendship to the Throne,
'He nobly makes his Country's Cause his own;
'Whilst others keep their Int'rest still in view,
'And meaner Spirits meaner ends pursue.
'So the fixt Stars harmoniously comply
'With the *first Publick Motion* of the Sky,
'Whilst wand'ring Planets oppositely move,
'Within the narrow Orbs of *private* Love.
She stopp'd—for now her Anger 'gan to rise,
Flush'd in her Cheeks, and sparkl'd in her Eyes.
And well it might a Fury's Passion raise,
That she was fore'd the Worth, she hates, to Praise.

Anſ. My L. of *R--r* is unexceptionable to any thing you alledge in his Commendation, and has all along behav'd himſelf both in a Publick and Private State, ſo as to gain the Eſteem of all good Men. His Conduct has been unblameable; His Sincerity and Affection to Her Majeſty undeniable; His Love to his Country indelible. But you might have ſhewn that Reſpect to the Queen, as to have ſpar'd the Lady that has been made choice of to reſide the neareſt to Her Royal Perſon, ſince Reflections upon the Servant may juſtly be ſaid to ſquint towards the Miſtreſs, and imply ſomething to the Diſhonour of a Princeſs that has fix'd Her Throne upon the laſting Foundations of Honour and Wiſdom.

The Dawn diſpers'd the Crowd ſhe took her flight
To the low Regions of Eternal Night.

O *England* how revolving is thy State?
How few thy Bleſſings? how ſevere thy Fate?
O deſtin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd
By thoſe, whoſe Duty 'tis to ſerve and aid!
A griping vile degenerate viper Brood,
That tears thy Vitals and exhauſt thy Blood.
A varying Kind, that no fixt Rule purſue,
But often from their Principles anew;
Unknowing where to lodge ſupreme Command,
Or in the King, or Peers, or People's Hand.
One while the People's Sov'raignty they own,
To vex and load a Peaceful Monarch's Crown;
Who to his Subjects when at length *Reſtor'd*,
Without diſtinction was their common Lord.
What Party elſe to *David*'s happy Throne,
Would have preferr'd a giddy *Abſalon*?
But when a King is moulded to their Mind,
Then they to him would have all ſway confin'd;
Nor in their own deſpotick boundleſs Reign,
Of Injur'd Rights, and *Property* complain:

Nay

Nay with a *Standing Force* thy Sons would awe,
The Subjects Slavery, the Tyrants Law.
But if nor King nor Commons will comply
With their deteſted Acts of Villany,
They ſtrive the Peers declining Pow'r to raiſe,
And get *Impeachments* voted into Praiſe.
Bleſt Patriots theſe, who Liberty employ,
T' elude thy Laws and Liberty deſtroy!

Anſ. That *England* has been betray'd, is but too evident, but not by the Perſons your Invectives are aim'd at. Who made that unprecedented Reformation in our *Engliſh* Coyn, but the Lord *Bathillo*? Who laid the Foundation of the Peace at *Reſwyck*, but *Sigillo*? Who deſtroy'd 23 Ships of War belonging to our profeſs'd Enemies, but *Triton*? Who ſtood in the Gap when our Lives, Liberties, and Properties were in danger, but *Clodio*? Who makes the Funds, that were formerly Deficient, anſwer the Intents of them, but *Volpone*? And who aſſerts the Honour of our *Engliſh* Noblity in prompt and ready Payments, better than *Moro*? And yet theſe are the Subjects of Satyr in an Age that is ſo much benefited by them: Oh! *Tempore*! Oh! *Mores*!

Where is the Noble *Roman* Spirit fled,
Which once inſpir'd thy antients Patriots dead?
Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd,
When bravely for the publick Weal they dy'd:
Who ſpread like Branching Oaks, their Arms around,
To ſhelter and protect their Parent Ground;
Tho' Storms of Thunder rattl'd o're their Head,
Yet all was ſafe beneath their Guardian Shade.
Or ſure Hiſtorians on our Faith impoſe,
And never ſuch a Race of Men aroſe;
Or Nodding Nature to a Period draws;
Or Providence, incens'd by Guilty Times,
With-holds his Grace, and dooms us to our Crimes.

Anſ. Where indeed! where is that Spirit gone, when Men are calumniated for Generous Diſpoſitions, and traduc'd for doing that that ſhould embalm their Memory, and immortalize their Actions till Time ſhall be no more? Where is that Senſe of Religion that ſhould warm us into Zeal, and not inflame us into Perſecution? thoſe Sociable Vertues that recommended our Forefathers to one another, as Brethren and Fellow-Creatures; thoſe admirable Examples of Peace and Union, Moderation and Tenderneſs for one another, that made us the Envy of our Friends, and the Terror of our Foes. Heav'n knows where theſe inviſible Excellencies are, or when we ſhall recover them, while the Preſs is ſuffer'd to be the Trumpet of Sedition, and to cry aloud, *To your Tents, O Iſrael!*

Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,
Will ſooth thy anxious Cares, and charm thy Grief)
If my Condoling Mournful Muſe Preſume
To Viſit thy *Marcellus* Sacred Tomb.
For his Hereditary Gifts alone
Could have *Retriev'd* thy Fame, and carried down
The Glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has begun.
O may thy Angel Guard her Royal Mind,
That *Fav'rites* nor Seduce, nor *Trimmers* Blind.
For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
With Her will Flouriſh, and with Her will End.
But my ſhock'd Thoughts the ſad Idea ſhun,
(The ſad Idea gives eternal Moan)
When ſhe ſhall late, but ah! too ſoon comply
With Nature, to Adorn her Kindred Sky.
For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?
Who repreſent the Mother, but the Son?
O! had the Pow'r, that governs humane Fate
His Years extended to a longer Date,
To what tranſcendance had his Genius ſprung,
Which was ſo Ripe, ſo Perfect, yet ſo Young;
But when freſh blooming Youth ſeem'd to proclaim
The laſting Structure of his Beautious Frame,

When

VVhen Health and Vigour with a kind preſage,
Promis'd the hoary Happineſs of Age;
Then with a Momentary ſwift Decay,
Thy Pride, thy darling Hope was ſnatch'd away.
So by the courſe of the revolving Sphears,
VVhene'er a new diſcover'd Star appears;
Aſtronomers with Pleaſure and Amaze
Upon the Infant Luminary gaze.
They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence
Some Bleſt, ſome more than common Influence.
But ſuddenly alas! the fleeting Light
Retiring leaves their Hopes involv'd in endleſs Night.

Anſ. Our Great loſs in the Duke of *Glocester*, was juſtly call'd down upon us by our Inteſtine Diviſions, and the Concern you have ſhewn for that excellent young Prince, will, I hope, make you add to your good Wiſhes, which you ſeem to make for the long Life of His Royal Mother. *Matre ademptos Puero ſuperaddite Menſes*, is the Petition all Loyal Subjects ſhould invoke Heaven with. And ſince there are ſome remaining yet of the Proteſtant Line as call'd to the Succeſſion by Act of Her Parliament; ſince Her Majeſty is not of an Age, as yet, that is paſt Child-bearing, we have no Reaſon to diſtruſt Providence, but out of its wonted Grace and Favour, notwithſtanding our paſt Demerits, it may yet bleſs us with ſuch a Reign, after the beſt of Queens may be call'd hence to a more Glorious Kingdom, as may ſecure the Poſſeſſion of thoſe Rights to our Poſterity, which we now ſo happily Enjoy.

FINIS.